



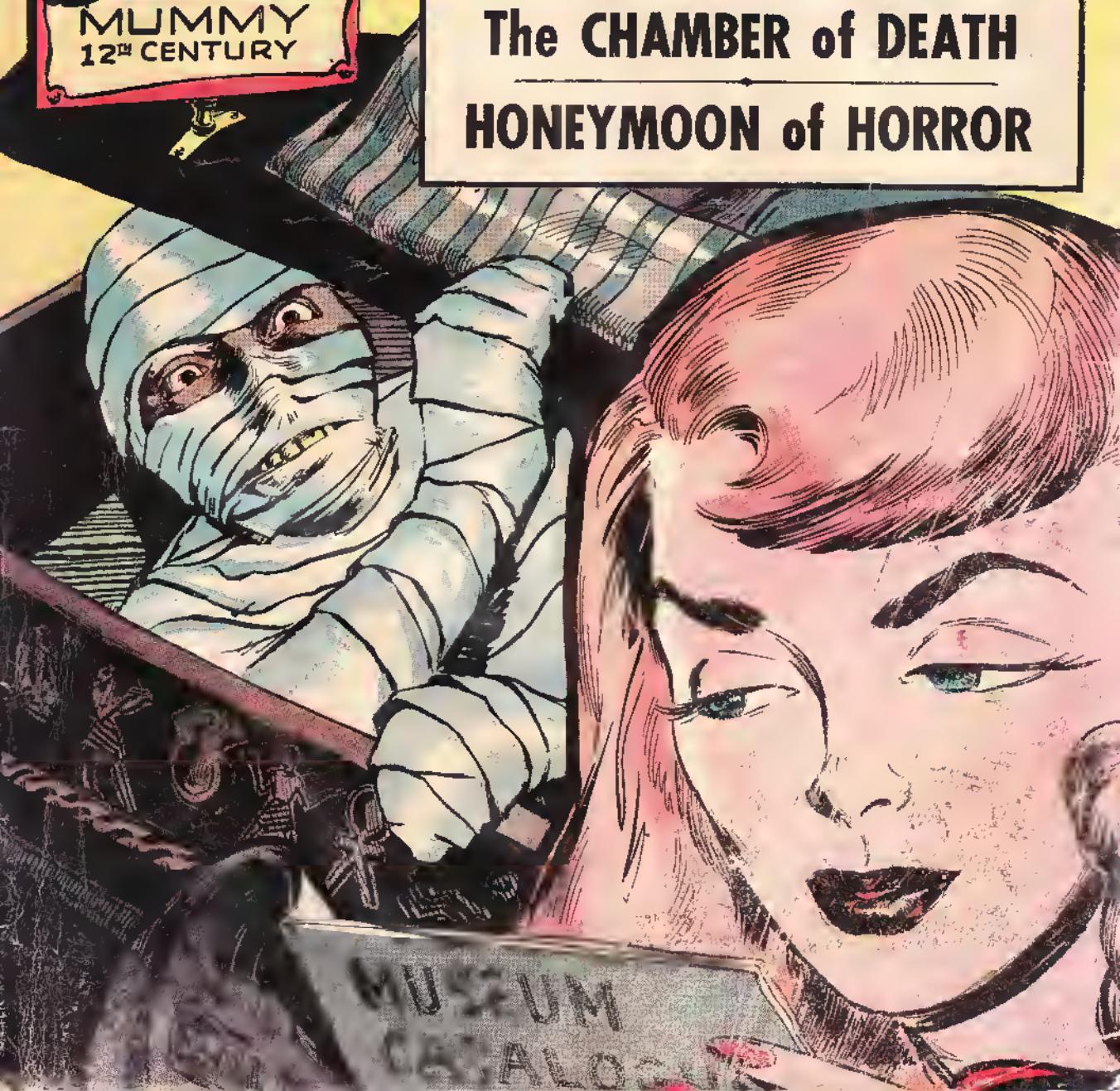
TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

JUNE-JULY 10c
No.16

EERIE

MUMMY
12th CENTURY

The CHAMBER of DEATH
HONEYMOON of HORROR



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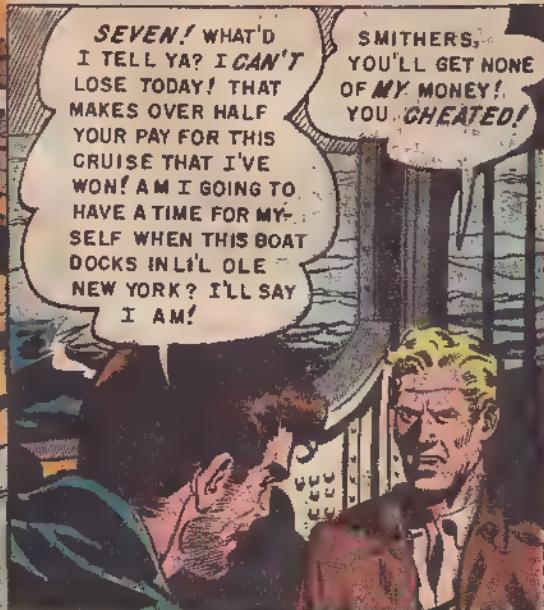
CITY..... ZONE STATE

THE WALKING DEAD FROM THE SEA!

ON BOARD THE FREIGHT STEAMER HAVANA, UNDER THE SHADOW OF A LIFEBOAT, THREE SAILORS TOSS DICE...

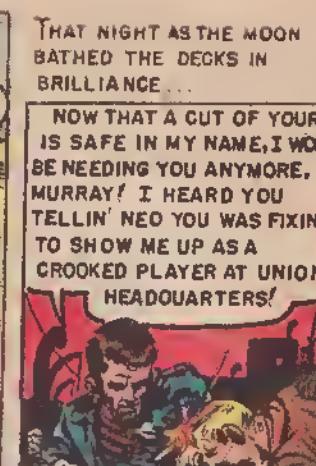
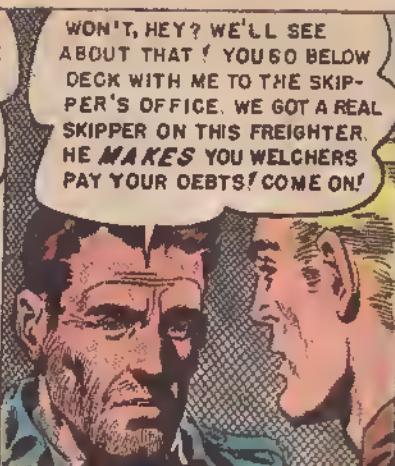
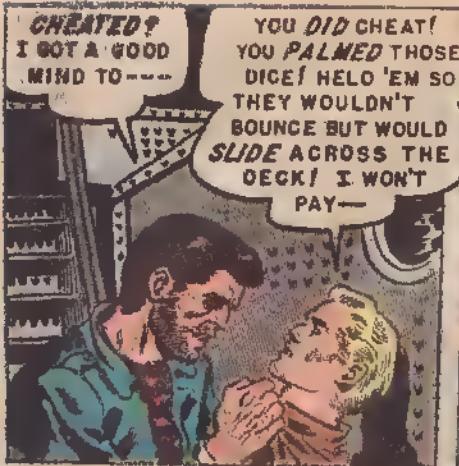
MISSED AGAIN!

HAW! HAW! THAT'S THE FIFTH STRAIGHT PASS I'VE WON! GIMME THEM OICE. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE 'EM HOLLER UNCLE!

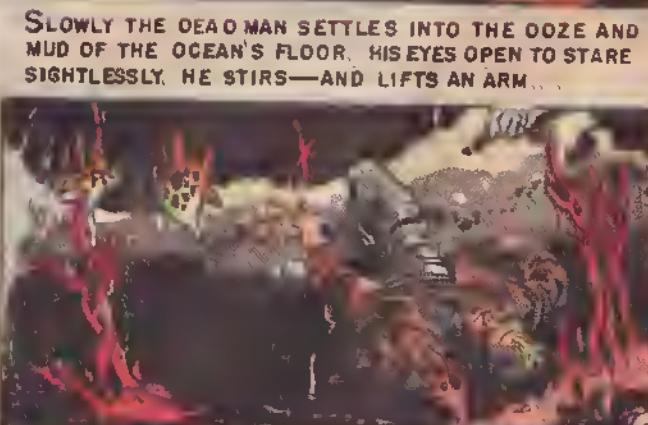
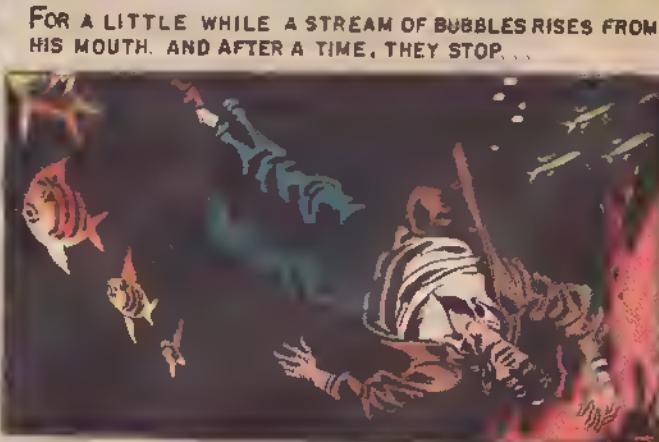


IT CAME UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, A ROTTING SOMETHING FROM WHICH THE FLESH SLOUGHED OFF AS IT WALKED. THE HOLLOWES WHERE ITS EYES HAD GLARED OUT AT THE WORLD... AS IF ETERNALLY SEEKING SOMEONE... AS IT WALKED, PAST THE ANCIENT WRECKS, AND THE FISH THAT PLAYED IN THEM, ITS HANDS REACHED OUT, CLAWING, AS THOUGH TO REACH THE MAN IT WANTED.

AND IN THE REALM OF THE LIVING, ABLE SEAMAN JOHNNY SMITHERS LAUGHED AND LOVED, NEVER DREAMING THAT DESTINY WAS COMING HIS WAY ON 'DEAD FEET. NO NEED FOR HIM TO WORRY... OR WAS THERE?



A BLUNT THUG IN THE NIGHT! A HEAVE OF POWERFUL SHOULDERS AND SEAMAN MURRAY GOES HURTLING OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE—HIS GRAVE THE BROAD ATLANTIC...



EDDIE MURRAY! YOU ARE DEAD. YOU WERE KILLED BY JOHNNY SMITHERS! REMEMBER? NO. YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER. YOU DIDN'T SEE IT HAPPEN....

WHERE AM I? IS THIS WATER ALL AROUND ME? I'M NOT BREATHING... BUT I FEEL STRONG. AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!

FISH NIBBLING AT MY FLESH... BUT I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING. JUST WANT TO WALK... UNTIL I FIND...WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...



WHILE THE WALKING HORROR STALKS THE OCEAN BOTTOM, THE HAVANA DOCKS IN NEW YORK...

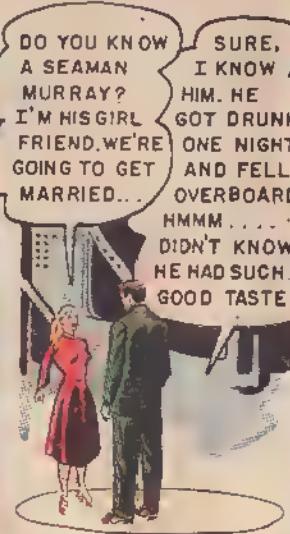


HE'S ON BOARD. I GOT HIS TELEGRAM WHEN THEY LEFT RIO. OH, EDDIE, IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

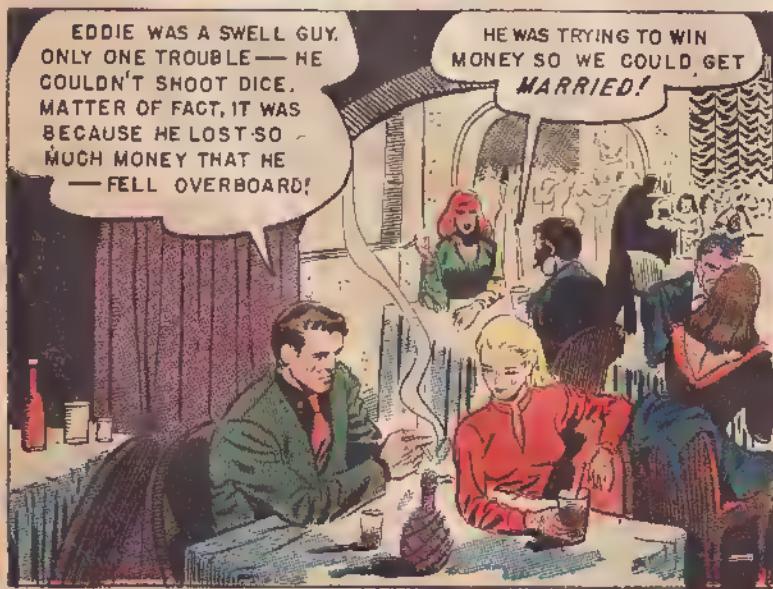
DO YOU KNOW A SEAMAN MURRAY? I'M HIS GIRL FRIEND. WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED...

SURE, I KNOW HIM. HE GOT DRUNK ONE NIGHT AND FELL OVERBOARD! HMM... DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD SUCH GOOD TASTE!

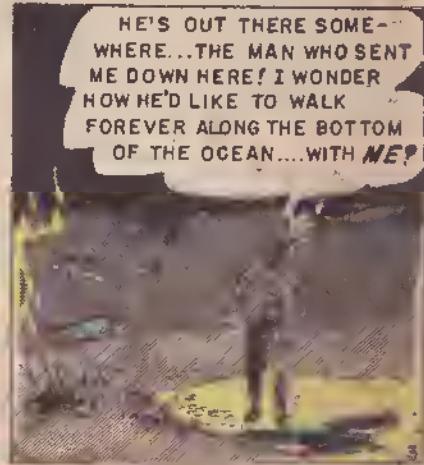
O-OVERBOARD... SOBE POOR EDDIE... OH, MY POOR DARLING! NOSENSE CRYIN' OVER WHAT'S HAPPENED! COME ALONG WITH ME AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



MOVING SLOWLY PAST THE WRECK OF A LONG SUNKEN SHIP, FEET SLOGGING IN THE MUD, A THING THAT ONCE WAS HUMAN STALKS FORWARD...



HE WAS TRYING TO WIN MONEY SO WE COULD GET MARRIED!



HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE... THE MAN WHO SENT ME DOWN HERE! I WONDER HOW HE'D LIKE TO WALK FOREVER ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN... WITH ME?

JOHNNY SMITHERS AND HELEN JONES
SOON FORGET EDDIE MURRAY. IT IS
TOO MUCH FUN BEING ALIVE...

LET YOURSELF GO, BABY!
I'M HAVING SO MUCH FUN!

I-I'D KIND OF FORGOTTEN
THERE WERE SUCH THINGS
AS LAUGHTER... POOR EDDIE!
I WONDER WHERE HE IS
TONIGHT?

FORGET HIM, WILL YA! YOU
GIVE ME THE CREEPS...



I'LL MAKE YOU OHHHH...
FORGET HIM...

SOME HOURS LATER, AS JOHNNY
TOSSES IN BED, HE HEARS A VOICE
CALLING...
JOOOOHHNNY...
JOHNNY SMITHERS...
CAN YOU HEAR MEEEEEE? I AM
CALLING TO YOU...



HELLOOOOO, JOHNNNY! REMEMBER
MEEEEEE? EDDIE MURRAY! THE MAN
YOU KILLED AND THREW OVER-
BOARD!



I'M COMING FOR YOU,
JOOOOHHNY! I'M
LONELY DOWN ON
THE BOTTOM OF THE
OCEAN!

NO! GO
AWAY...
YOU'RE
DEAD!
YOU'RE
ROTTING AWAY!
YOU AREN'T
ALIVE...

AAAAAGHHHH!
GET AWAY... AGHHH!
NO... NO! I DON'T
WANT TO GO DOWN
THERE... NOT WITH
YOU... AAAAGGHH!



A NIGHTMARE!
SURE, THAT'S
WHAT IT WAS! I'VE
HAD 'EM BEFORE.
BUT NEVER SO
REAL AS THIS!

WHAT A SAP I AM TO
GET DRESSED AND COME
WAY DOWN HERE TO THE
DOCKS TO SEE IF... IF
MY DREAM WOULD
COME TRUE!

GUESS I'M JUST PLAIN STUPID!
BUT THAT DREAM WAS SO **REAL**!
I COULD *FEEL* HIS *ROTTING*
HANDS! AND THOSE AWFUL,
STARING EYES...

THE WATER IS ALL GONE. I'M
STANDING HERE IN THE
AIR. I'M ON A DOCK. SOME-
WHERE OUT THERE I'LL
FIND HIM...

JOHNNY... I'M COMING! WAIT
FOR MEEEEEE... I CAN'T WALK
VERY FAST, JOHNNY, BECAUSE
IF I DO FAST, A LOT OF ME
WILL BREAK OFF AND FALL...

AHEAD OF THE ROTTING, BLOATED
HORROR...

JOHNNY!
OH, YOU **SCARED**
ME. WHY, IT'S ALMOST
MORNING. HAVEN'T
YOU BEEN
TO BED?

I COULDN'T
SLEEP! HELEN-
MARRY ME!
COME AWAY
WITH ME TO
THE COUNTRY,
OR SOMEWHERE!
I—I DON'T WANT
TO BE ANYWHERE
NEAR THE SEA!

OF COURSE I WILL, DEAR.
WHY, YOU'RE **SHAKING**.
THERE, NOW. GIVE ME A
FEW DAYS TO BUY SOME
CLOTHES, AND WE'LL GO
ON OUR HONEYMOON!

A FEW DAYS...?
NO! NO, IT'S GOT
TO BE NOW!



THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA IS
COLD AND
LONELY, JOHNNNNY.
I WANT SOMEONE
TO WALK WITH ME!

COME ALONG,
JOHNNY! WE CAN GO
ALL OVER THE WORLD
YOU AND I... HAND
IN HAND... FOREVER!



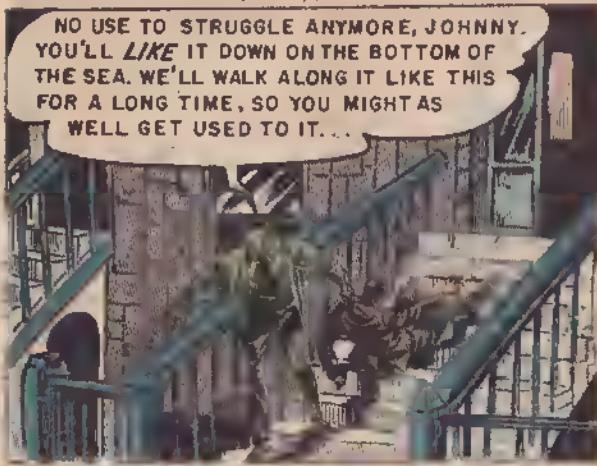
HELEN! WAKE UP! CALL THE POLICE! HELP! PULL ME LOOSE FROM THIS HORROR! HIS FLESH IS ROTTEN!

HELP!



IN THE EARLY DAWN OF A NEW YORK MORNING... WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS...

NO USE TO STRUGGLE ANYMORE, JOHNNY. YOU'LL LIKE IT DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. WE'LL WALK ALONG IT LIKE THIS FOR A LONG TIME, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT...



JUST THINK, JOHNNY! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THE OCEAN FLOOR WITH THE MAN YOU MURDERED!

NO...NO...



AND THEN THERE IS JUST EMPTY WATER, ROLLING ENDLESSLY OVER THE OCEAN FLOOR WHERE TWO MEN WALK, FOREVER...

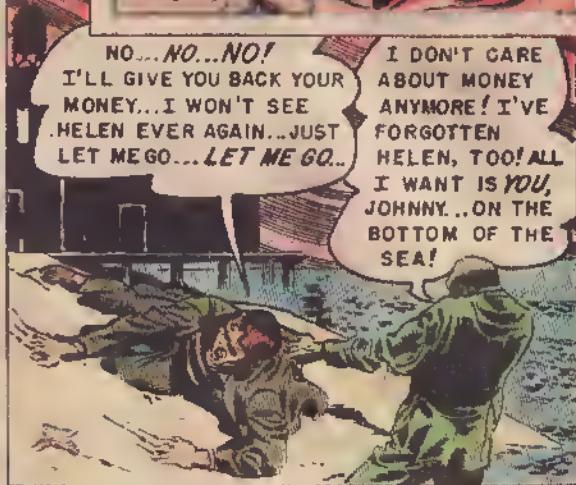
JOHNNY SMITHERS GOES MAD! THE FEEL OF THAT COLD AND SLIMY HAND, SENDS COLO SHUDDERS DOWN HIS SPINE...

HELEN! IF YOU'LL ONLY GRAB MY HAND... I CAN BREAK FREE OF HIM. HELEN! WAKE UP---HELEN!!

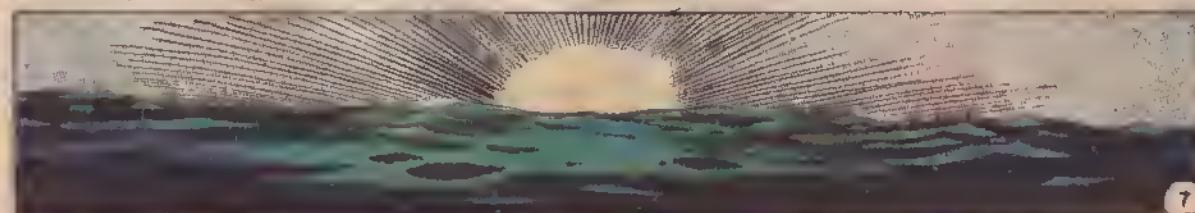


NO...NO...NO! I'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY... I WON'T SEE HELEN EVER AGAIN... JUST LET ME GO... LET ME GO...

I DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY ANYMORE! I'VE FORGOTTEN HELEN, TOO! ALL I WANT IS YOU, JOHNNY... ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



JOHNNY'S SCREAM GURGLES IN HIS THROAT. HE CLUTCHES EMPTY AIR...



a honeymoon of HORROR!

SMITH

SALLY RICHARDS

BELOVED WIFE
OF
NEIL RICHARDS
1928-1951

THE CEREMONY ENDED AND
SALLY AND NEIL RICHARDS WERE
MAN AND WIFE. BUT LITTLE DID
THEY REALIZE THAT THE CHILLING
HAND OF DEATH HAD BEEN AT THE
ORGAN, ACCOMPANYING THEM DOWN
THE AISLE TO THE STRAINS OF A
FUNERAL MARCH... SPINNING A
WEB OF VIOLENCE AND TERROR
AS THEY STARTED ON A HONEY-
MOON OF HORROR.

Louis Ravielli

SO LONG, MOM
AND DAD, SALLY,
I'LL WRITE
YOU AS SOON
AS WE GET TO
CENTRAL FALLS.

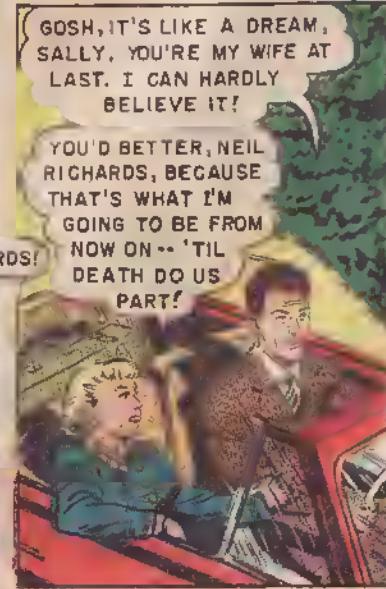
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT US,
SON. YOU KIDS
HAVE FUN AND
MAKE YOUR
HONEYMOON
SOMETHING TO
REMEMBER. GOOD-
BYE, MR. AND MRS.
RICHARDS!

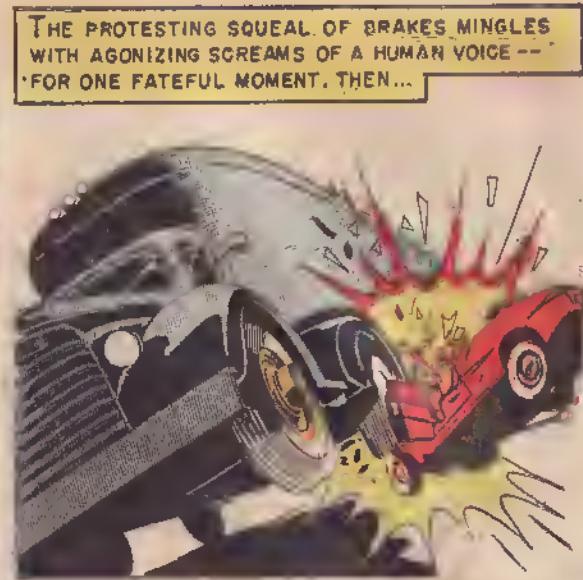
GOSH, IT'S LIKE A DREAM,
SALLY. YOU'RE MY WIFE AT
LAST. I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE IT!

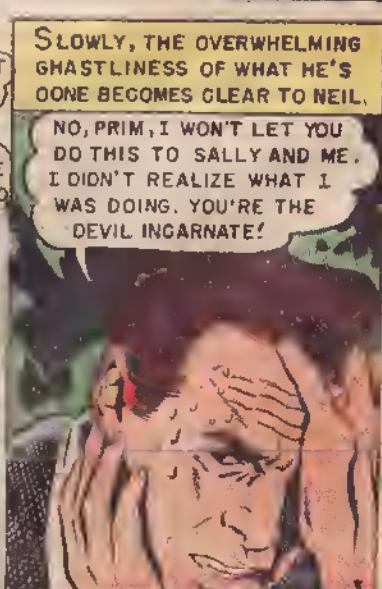
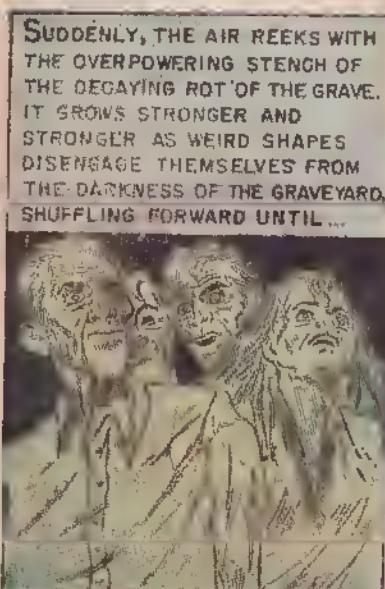
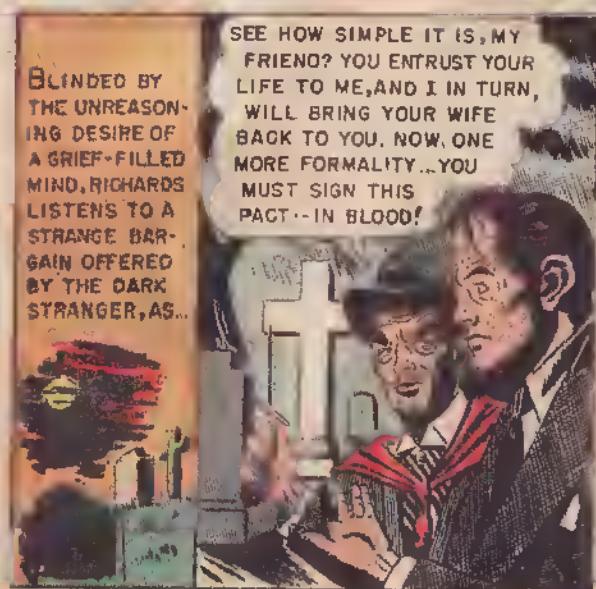
YOU'D BETTER, NEIL
RICHARDS, BECAUSE
THAT'S WHAT I'M
GOING TO BE FROM
NOW ON... 'TIL
DEATH DO US
PART!

BRR--DO YOU HAVE TO GET SO
GRIM ABOUT IT? I'D RATHER
TALK ABOUT MORE PLEASANT...
WAIT--WHAT'S THAT?

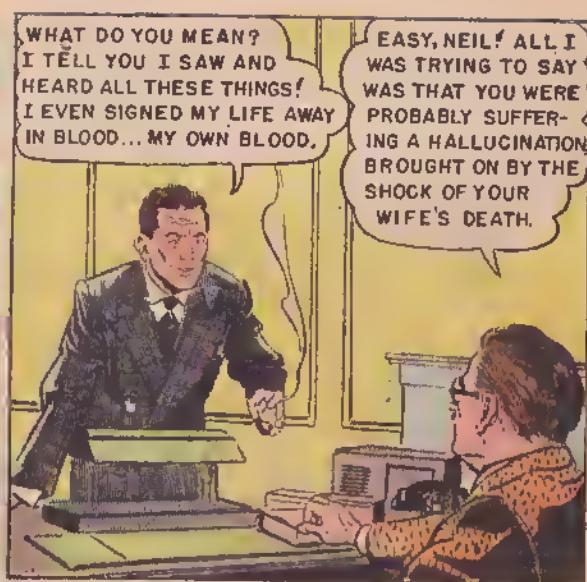
NEIL, DARLING--
COMING OUT OF THAT
SIDE STREET! WATCH
OUT!









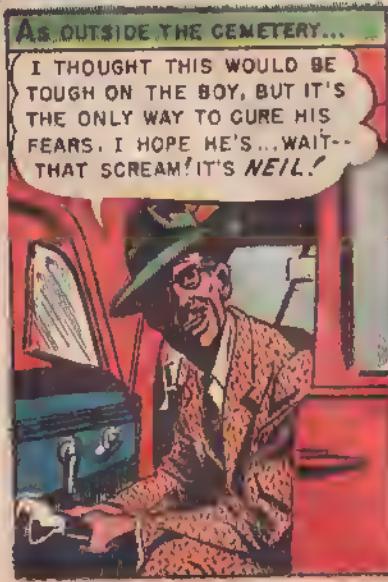


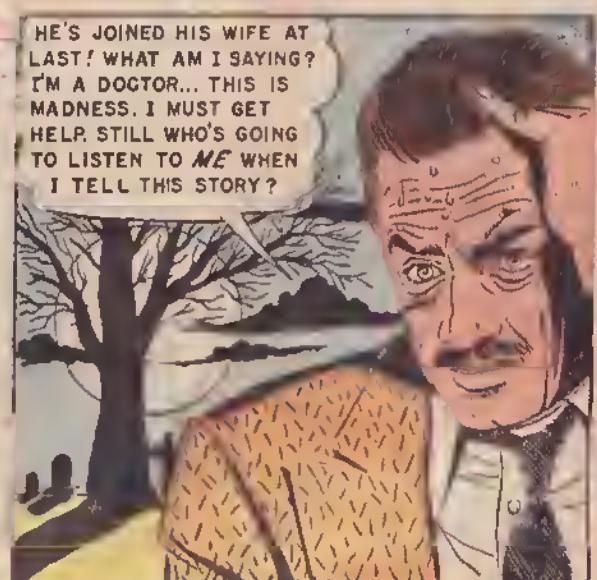
SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY, UNDER THE EXPERT CARE OF DOCTOR KUBNOR, NEIL RICHARDS BEGINS TO FIND HIS WAY BACK TO THE WORLD OF REALITY AND SANITY. THEN ONE DARK NIGHT, WEEKS LATER...

THIS IS THE FINAL TEST OF MY TREATMENT, NEIL. YOU MUST OVERCOME THE FEAR AND DREAD THAT SEIZED YOU HERE, AND I KNOW YOU WILL.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, DOC. WAIT--- PARK THE CAR RIGHT HERE.

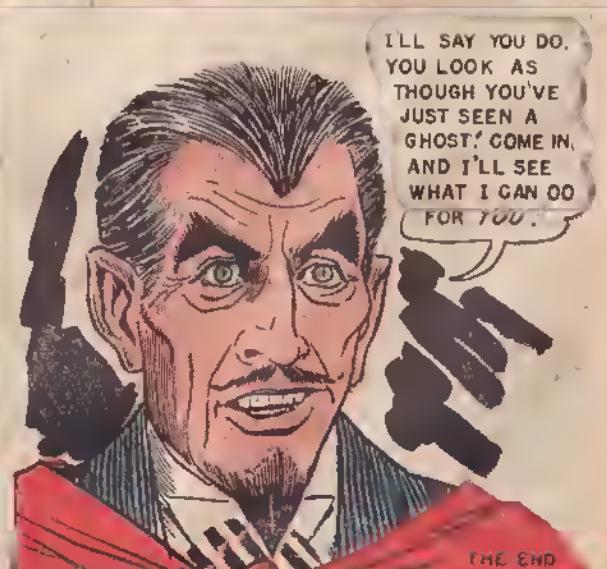






THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE IN. I NEED YOUR HELP--- DESPERATELY!

MY, MY... SUCH NOISE! WELL, WHAT IS IT, MY FRIEND?



THE END

The CHAMBER of DEATH!

THE THING that I am about to relate happened to me on what was to be the first and last day of my service as a rookie policeman. It also accounts for my decision to leave the force the next day, as well as to leave that cursed city as well. I have never spoken of it for fear of my sanity being questioned, but I am now writing it for the record.

I had been assigned to the outskirts of the city; a lonely beat that ran alongside the cemetery which borders the city line. Being the newest man at the precinct, I drew the worst hours and the loneliest beat—the hours immediately after midnight, and the walk along and through the cemetery.

It was a moonless night and cold. I started walking my beat at midnight with the discordant ringing of the cracked bell at the cemetery chapel gonging out the hour. There was no one in sight, not even a keeper at the gates. I walked along the picket fence at the graveyard's edge, through the rusty gates, and along the overgrown path through the center of the cemetery.

We had to patrol there, for several ugly crimes had occurred in that deserted spot. The cemetery was very old, much of it had long gone to rot and decay; rumor had it that the first settlers had placed it on the site of an old Indian, and possibly pre-Indian graveyard, that had been there for centuries before the Pilgrims came to this part of New England. I walked, my shoes echoing emptily against the lonely ground. Tombstones leaned at crazy angles, white and grey, in the night; an occasional weather-streaked and neglected mausoleum

shone whitely amid the weeds as my search-light played over it. I saw no one.

Then I noticed a light. An eerily swaying, flickering, greenish light, moving somewhere over in the darkest and oldest part of the cemetery. I stopped and watched it, then started silently across the graves towards it. I wanted to seize whoever the intruder was, and I didn't want to warn them of my presence.

It seemed to be moving around an old mausoleum, and as I drew closer, it seemed to disappear inside the tomb! I reached the spot seconds afterwards. The light was gone, but the ancient crumbling stone vault had been opened—for its greenish bronze door was ajar.

I grabbed the edge of the door, swung it silently open. I saw before me that instead of the inside of a tomb, there was a flight of stone steps—going down into the subterranean depths! Into the areas below the graveyard. Down, disappearing on those steps, was that flickering, weird light!

I followed, closing the door, but not allowing it to shut altogether. I was in total darkness save for that eerie glimmer, swaying down the stone steps far below me!

Down the stairs I went, silently, guided by that ghostly light. I must have descended several hundred steps, far below the ground, far below the level of the city, when at last the steps ended on the floor of an old abandoned sewer.

The floor of the sewer, unknown to the city, was ankle deep in stinking, stagnant water—seepage from the worm-rotten earth above. Before me, in that passage beneath the graveyard, the greenish light was bob-

bing, and now I saw that there were two such lights!

I followed them as silently as I could. All about me there was darkness and damp, about my feet the cold vile water slushed. The rotting brick walls were slimy to the touch. The squeak of rats and the swish of their loathsome bodies in the water came to me. Then, somehow, I had come around a bend and found that I had taken some sort of short cut, for the bearers of the lights were passing directly before me.

What I saw I shall never forget. The thing, the awful thing that led—for there were three figures in single file—was a creature of sheer nightmare, a product of Satan's nethermost hell! It was huge, seven or eight feet, and its head was a bare and grinning skull. Rags covered its huge bony frame—moldy corpse rags—and it leaned upon a bone for support that could have come from no monster that ever walked this earth! Cackling upon its shoulder, chained there, was a vile batlike thing with rubbery wings and a monkey's face. The skeleton monster carried a lantern, a flickering green flame within it, and a chain from that hand swung back to connect with the wrist of . . . a girl.

She walked directly behind the skeleton, and she stared before her without expression. Her eyes were stunned with horror, her hair fell in disarray about her shoulders, she walked in bare feet through the dirty water, and there was something about her features that made me think I knew her. But I could not seem to remember where I had seen her. The chain on her wrist continued on to end in the hand of an old and bearded man who walked last in line, carrying another lantern. His lined and timeless evil face looked like that of Father Time.

The three passed without noticing me. I followed slowly after them, in a daze of horror, my mind reeling as I tried to figure out the meaning of it all. From time to time, I noticed the skeletons that lay on the tunnel floor; the batlike monsters that

squawked and yammered as the trio passed—then ahead at last I saw that the tunnel came to an end in a haze of sullen red light.

I watched them grow closer to that tunnel's end, and I saw that it was the opening of some sort of great chamber, an area lit with a red flickering glow, like some giant oven. They vanished across the threshold and to that spot I myself staggered until at last I stood at the very end of the tunnel passage and gazed into the hidden underground chamber.

It was a cavern that seemed to have no end, that seemed to go down and down into the very bowels of the earth. Red fires danced through it and the shapes of horrible beings leered and did unspeakable things within it. I cannot describe it—no description could do it justice.

I fled then; I fled wildly, madly, in an insane frenzy. I ran through the sewer, retracing my path, the bat-things screaming at me and flapping rubberly around me, the skeletons cracking beneath my flying feet. Somehow I found my way back, somehow I clambered up those hundreds of time-worn stairs, reached the door of the old tomb, slammed it shut, and fled screaming from the cemetery, back to the lamp-lit streets of the sleeping city.

For I knew where I had been. I had at last remembered where I had seen that girl. It had been her face I had seen in the papers that very day, sullen and unrepentant. It had been she, the murderer who had slain her family in cold blood, who had gone to the gallows that very night, who had been hung by the state for foul murder, and consigned for her evil to everlasting damnation.

It was she that the demons had taken. It was her cursed soul that had matched in chains through the ancient cemetery and down into the haunted ground under the guard of Satan's own messengers—and it was to the very gates of Hell itself I had followed her, and I had looked for one ghastly moment into that crimson-flamed chamber.

THE END

THE STRANGER IN STUDIO X!

IT IS NOW
MIDNIGHT!



IT WAS THE WEIRDEST FIFTEEN MINUTES THAT ANYONE AT RADIO STATION WBOR EVER REMEMBERED. THE SPINE TINGLING SERIES OF MISADVENTURES, WHICH MADE THAT NIGHT SO MEMORABLE, BEGAN EXACTLY AT MIDNIGHT, ON AN OTHERWISE ROUTINE EVENING...AND THERE WERE THOSE WHO SAW IN THE OCCURRENCES OF THE NEXT QUARTER HOUR THE SORT OF EERIE PUZZLE TO WHICH NO MAN WOULD EVER FIND AN ANSWER. THOSE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN MOMENTS OF BEWILDERMENT, AND FEAR STARTED IN THE MIDDLE OF OWN CREIGHTON'S POPULAR DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM...STARTED, IN FACT, AT THE VERY MOMENT THE DOOR TO CREIGHTON'S BROADCASTING BOOTH OPENED, AND IN WALKED..."THE STRANGER IN STUDIO X!"

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK TIME-SIGNAL HAD JUST SOUNDED, ON WBOR'S MOST POPULAR PLATTER-SPINNING PROGRAM...

...IT IS NOW MIDNIGHT, FOLKS...HALF-WAY THROUGH THE PROGRAM THAT NONE OF US WILL EVER BE ABLE TO FORGET!

STUDIO X
ON THE AIR

AND HERE, NIGHT OWLS, IS THE RECORD THAT SO MANY OF YOU HAVE BEEN REQUESTING IN YOUR TELEPHONE CALLS TO ME...



HEY, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PRIVATE STUDIO, MISTER...NO ONE'S ALLOWED IN HERE WHILE THE PROGRAM'S ON THE AIR!





D-DIED? MIKE ALLAN... DEAD?

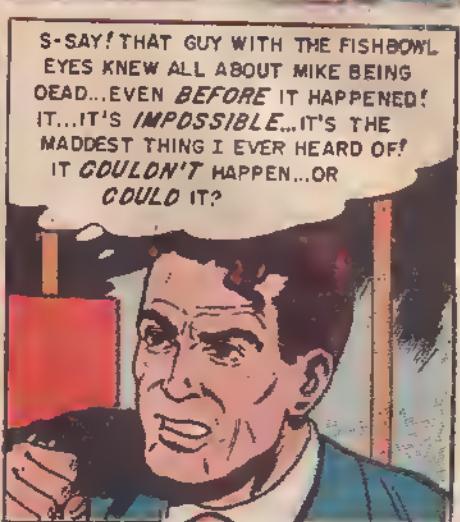
I-I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT... HE'S BEEN AROUND HERE SINCE WBOR FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS! H-HE WAS THE FIRST FRIEND I HAD HERE...



QUEER! I SAW MIKE NOT MORE THAN AN HOUR AGO, WHEN HE GAVE ME HIS USUAL "TOP OF THE EVENIN', MR. CREIGHTON!" AND NOW... NOW POOR OLD MIKE'S GONE!

AND THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT THE WHOLE EPISODE IS THIS GHOULISH-LOOKING GUY WHO WANDERED INTO STUDIO X TO TELL ME ABOUT IT! THOSE GLASSES OF HIS... H-HEY! UP AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS...!





YOU WAIT HERE FOR A MINUTE.
STRANGER, WHILE I PEEK INTO
THE CONTROL ROOM AND SEE WHAT
THE ENGINEER IS ALL HEPPED
UP ABOUT...

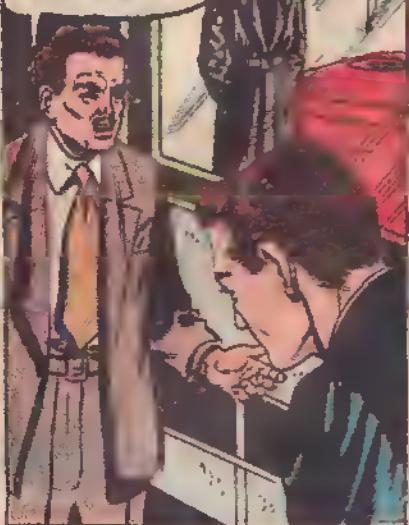
SURE, MR.
CREIGHTON...
I'VE GOT
NOPLACE
TO GO,
ANYWAY!

...AND I TELL YOU HE'S A
MANIAC, DON! I WAS BUSY
IN HERE WITH THE CONTROL
PANEL AND COULDN'T STOP
HIM FROM PICKING UP THE
MIKE! BEFORE I KNEW WHAT
WAS HAPPENING HE ANNOUNCED
THAT MARTIN ZANDER, PRESIDENT
OF STATION WBOR, HAD
COMMITTED SUICIDE
AT 10 MINUTES
AFTER MIDNIGHT!

WHAT?

WHERE YOU
GOING, OON?
OUT TO RETRACT
THAT ANNOUNCEMENT?
THAT LUNATIC ANNOUN-
CED THE BOSS'S DEATH
AT 10 AFTER MIDNIGHT...
AND IT'S ONLY 12:09
RIGHT
NOW!

LEAVE THAT TELEPHONE
WHERE IT IS! IT'S PROB-
ABLY THE BOSS CALLING
TO TELL ME I'M FIRED!



HERE IT IS, MR. CREIGHTON.
I'M AFRAID THAT IT CAN'T
POSSIBLY BE...

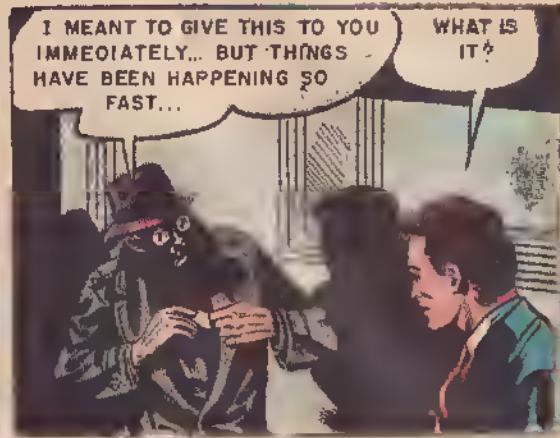
GIVE IT HERE... AND
SHUT UP! SIT DOWN
SOMEPLACE... THERE ARE
SOME QUESTIONS YOU'RE
GOING TO ANSWER!



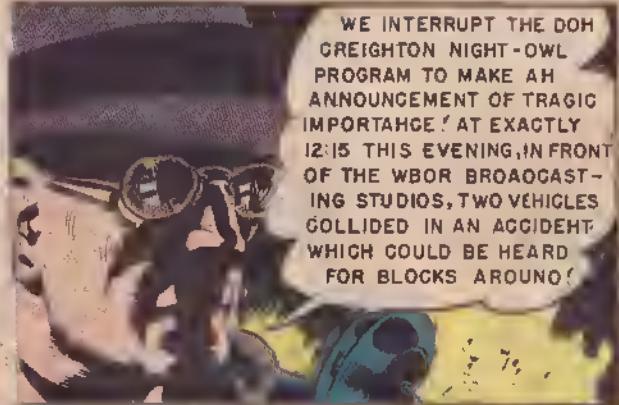
OH, MRS. ZANDER, LET ME EXPLAIN
WHAT HAPPENED... WHAT? H-HE
DID? YOU JUST FOUND THE
BODY THIS MINUTE? B-BUT...
OF COURSE I'LL ANNOUNCE
IT AS AN ACCIDENT...



ZANDER IS DEAD! THEY FOUND
HIS BODY AT 12:10... YET
YOU ANNOUNCED HIS SUICIDE
AT LEAST TWO MINUTES
BEFORE THAT!



NO SOONER HAD FRIGHTENED DON CREIGHTON FLED FROM STUDIO X THAN THE STRANGER LEANED FORWARD...



WE INTERRUPT THE DON CREIGHTON NIGHT-OWL PROGRAM TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF TRAGIC IMPORTANCE! AT EXACTLY 12:15 THIS EVENING, IN FRONT OF THE WBOR BROADCASTING STUDIOS, TWO VEHICLES COLLIDED IN AN ACCIDENT WHICH COULD BE HEARD FOR BLOCKS AROUND!



I-IT'S OLD MIKE, ALL RIGHT! MUST HAVE TOPPLED DOWN THE STAIRS AND BROKEN HIS NECK!

HAPPENED AROUND MIDNIGHT AS CLOSE AS WE CAN FIGURE!

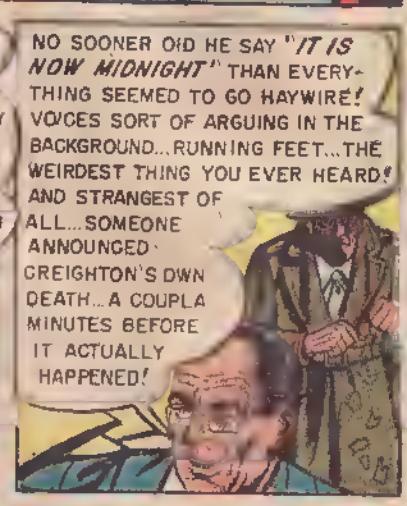
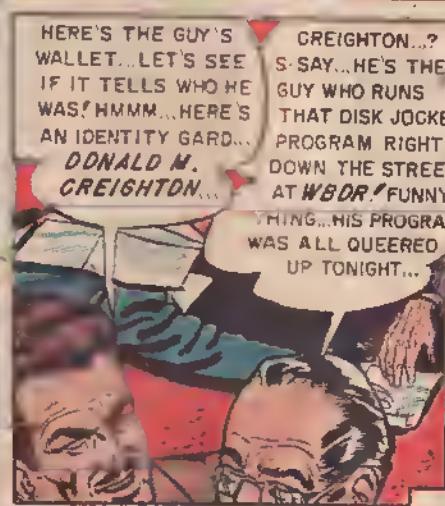
HEAR ABOUT OLD MAN ZANDER? CLOSED HIS GARAGE DOORS, TURNED ON HIS CAR MOTOR AND WENT TO SLEEP! HAPPENED JUST A COUPLE MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT FROM WHAT I HEAR... STRANGEST THING I EVER RUH ACROSS!



LOOKED LIKE DON CREIGHTON TEARING OUT OF THE BUILDING JUST NOW, DIDN'T IT?

DON JUST FOUND OUT THAT HIS HOUSE BURNED DOWN AND THAT HIS WIFE AND KID ARE BADLY BURNED!





IF ANYONE HAD
NOTICED, A MAN
WITH THICK-
LENSED GLASSES
TURNED AND
WALKED SLOWLY
DOWN THE STREET
AT THAT MOMENT...



CHARMING BIRD HOUSE AND COMPLETE BIRD CARE STATION

PLUS

only
\$1 69

PHONOGRAPH RECORD and GIFTS
from THE BIRD FRIENDS of AMERICA—
Unbreakable Vinyl phonograph record
of 18 authentic reproductions of . . .
Bird Calls and Songs, Bird Picture Book,
Bird Food, and Double Throat Bird Call.

Whether you live in country or city, you can get new pleasure and thrills from this amazing complete outfit. Besides you will be performing a needed service for our feathered friends and American wildlife.

BIRD BOOK



10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Just because we know you will love this wonderful bird-care station, we make this offer: You fill in the coupon below. We will rush you a complete outfit by return mail together with the free bird calls, record, bird food, and bird picture book. Set it up and use it for 10 days. If you are not delighted, just return the aluminum house, feeder and bird bath for a refund of the complete purchase price. And keep all the rest as a gift, from us. Get such an outfit for the first time ever, for only \$1.69.

BIRD FRIENDS OF AMERICA, DEPARTMENT # 94-1
35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, New York

Rush me my complete Bird House, Care Station, Bird Book, Bird Food, Birdseed and Calls for only \$1.69. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return the outfit after 10 days free trial, for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

Send C.O.D.—I will pay postman \$2.69 open delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Now for the first time ever, you can get this amazing complete outfit. Bird house, bird bath, feeding station, all made of fine rust-proof sheet aluminum embossed and decorated so that the birds will love to use them, plus: • Free bird food • Easy to use bird calls • Bird picture book and • Unbreakable vinyllike hi-fidelity record of 18 bird calls and songs — all for the amazing low price of \$1.69.

In a few minutes you can set up your outfit on your own window-sill, porch, or tree. Birds will flock to your feeding station, take baths in your bird bath and sing and chirp to your record or your own bird calls. Soon, too, some birds will make their home in your bird house, lay their eggs and start to raise a family. All your friends will envy your wonderful new pets, and your ability to imitate their calls. Parents and teacher will be amazed at how children know and learn to do so many new things.

BIRD BATH



BIRD CALL
RECORD

BIRD FEEDER



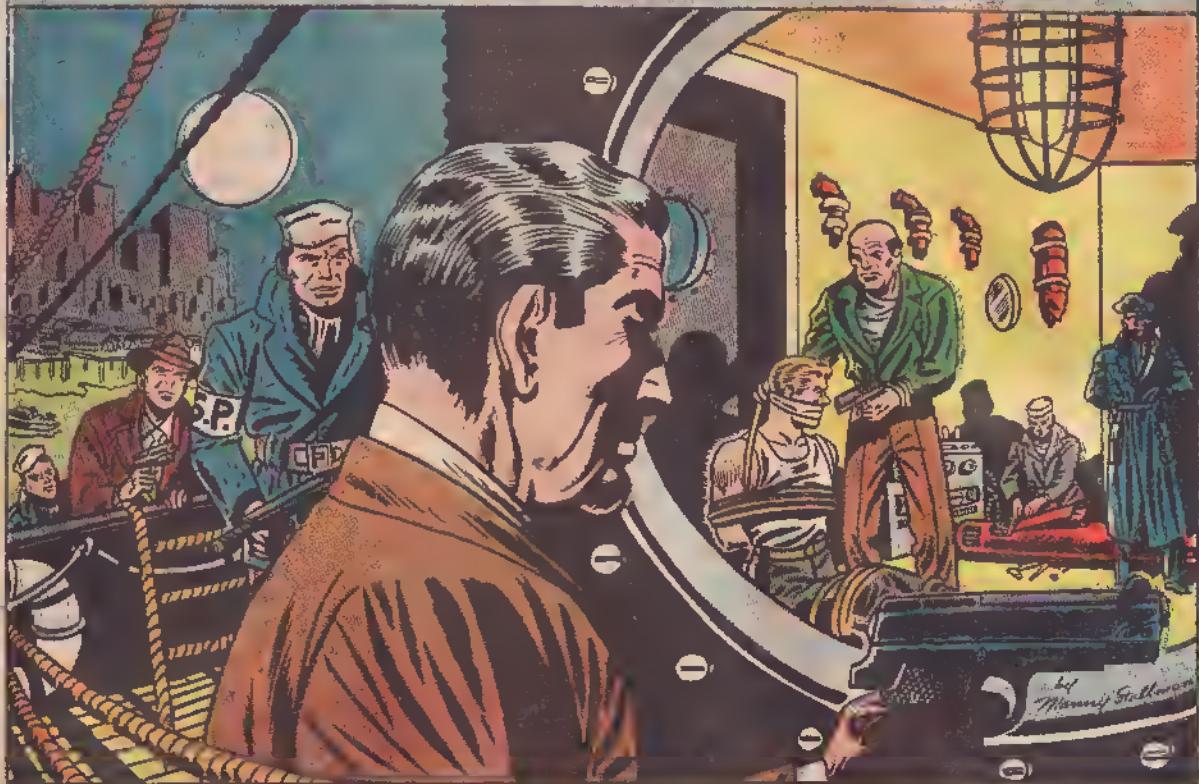
Bird
House



YOU GET ALL THIS:

- Sheet aluminum bird house, in natural colors
- Simulated leaf bird bath
- Bird feeding station
- Bird feed
- Bird call imitator
- Book of 30 bird pictures
- America Map
- Unbreakable vinyl phonograph record with 18 authentic bird calls

NIGHTMARE!



A IN THEIR GREED FOR POWER SOME NATIONS MIGHT GO TO ANY LENGTH TO DESTROY THOSE WHO STAND IN THEIR WAY TO ACHIEVE WORLD DOMINATION. NOW THAT THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB IS KNOWN TO OTHERS, THE UNITED STATES MUST BE DOUBLY CAREFUL OF ATTACK WITH ITS OWN WEAPON. U.S. AGENT ANORIKO BANOFF HELD THE KNOWLEDGE OF JUST SUCH AN ATTACK. ON HIM RESTED THE FATE OF THOUSANDS OF LIVES AND THE DESTRUCTION OF NEW YORK HARBOR.

A TOTALITARIAN PORT IN EASTERN EUROPE WHERE THE FREIGHTER KARIS RECEIVES A PECULIAR CARGO IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...

THEY ARRIVED RIGHT ON TIME. WE'LL BE ABLE TO SAIL WITHIN THE HOUR!

THEY ARE ALWAYS ON TIME. I OFTEN WONDER IF THEY ARE HUMAN... YI! LOOK AT THAT!

CAREFUL, YOU FOOL! THAT CARGO'S TOO DELICATE TO TAKE CHANCES WITH! WATCH YOUR STEP!

I DON'T LIKE THIS. WHY COULD'NT THEY HAVE CHOSEN SOME OTHER SHIP?



SHORTLY AFTER THE KARIS SAILS FROM THE CLOSELY GUARDED PIER AND BY DAWN, IS FAR OUT AT SEA.

VERY PECULIAR THINGS GO ON ABOARD THIS SHIP. LAST NIGHT THEY BROUGHT ON VERY MYSTERIOUS BOXES...WRAPPED IN LEAD! AN HOUR LATER WE SAIL. MIGHTY QUEER, EH COMRADE?

BAH! YOU'RE CRAZY!



MAYBE I'D BETTER WAIT TIL WE HIT MID-ATLANTIC. LESS CHANCE OF INTERFERENCE. HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME IF THEY KNEW I WAS A U.S. AGENT!



REMEMBER, IF ANY CALLS COME, GET ME IN A HURRY. IF YOU DON'T, WE'RE BOTH IN TROUBLE!

DON'T WORRY, KINSKI! I CAN HANDLE IT ALL RIGHT!

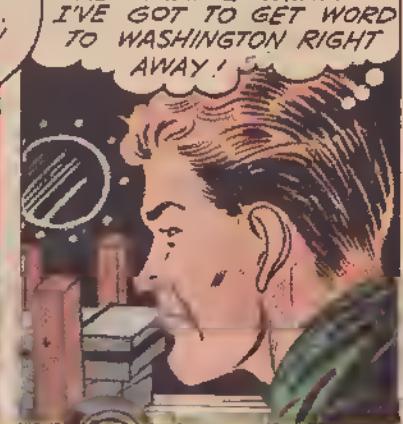


CRAZY, HUH? I WAS ONE OF THOSE WHO HELPED BRING THE BOXES ABOARD. YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE CAPTAIN WHEN I SLIPPED.

ENOUGH! I AM NOT INTERESTED. THE LESS I KNOW THE BETTER I DO MY JOB. I AM ONLY A SEAMAN.

BUT LATE THAT NIGHT BANOFF EXPLORES THE BUNKERS OF THE KARIS...

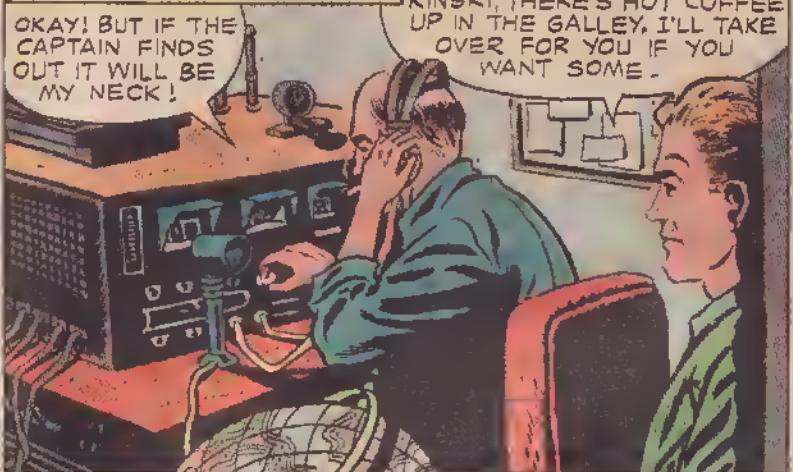
HE WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE WRAPPED IN LEAD ALL RIGHT. WHEW! IF THEY ARE WHAT I THINK I'VE GOT TO GET WORD TO WASHINGTON RIGHT AWAY!



FOUR DAYS LATER, AS THE KARIS PLOWS THROUGH HEAVY SEAS IN MID-ATLANTIC, BANOFF LURES THE WIRELESS OPERATOR FROM HIS SET IN AN EFFORT TO GET A WARNING MESSAGE TO WASHINGTON.

OKAY! BUT IF THE CAPTAIN FINDS OUT IT WILL BE MY NECK!

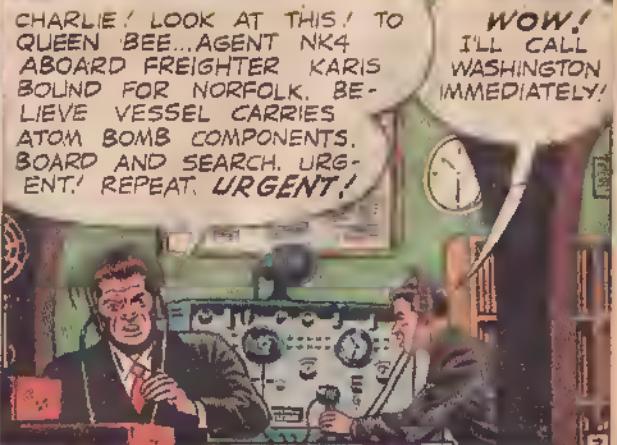
KINSKI, THERE'S HOT COFFEE UP IN THE GALLEY. I'LL TAKE OVER FOR YOU IF YOU WANT SOME.



MOMENTS LATER BANOFF'S MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY AN F.B.I. MONITORING STATION ON THE VIRGINIA COAST...

CHARLIE! LOOK AT THIS! TO QUEEN BEE...AGENT NK4 ABOARD FREIGHTER KARIS BOUND FOR NORFOLK. BELIEVE VESSEL CARRIES ATOM BOMB COMPONENTS. BOARD AND SEARCH. URGENT! REPEAT. URGENT!

WOW! I'LL CALL WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY!



BUT TWO DAYS LATER AND FIFTY MILES OFF NORFOLK A SURPRISING EVENT TAKES PLACE...

SEE, I TOLD YOU THERE WAS SOMETHING GOING ON. NOW THEY ARE CHANGING THE NAME OF THE SHIP TO THE VESTNIA AND WE ARE LANDING IN NEW YORK!



I DON'T KNOW! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS. I DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? IF I DON'T GET WORD ASHORE, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN! THEY CAN WRECK THE HARBOR, AND KILL THOUSANDS! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



MINUTES LATER...

IT IS TOO BAD! HE NEVER CAME UP. THAT HOOK MUST'VE CRUSHED HIS SKULL.



WE MAY AS WELL GO BACK TO THE SHIP. I GUESS HE'S GONE, POOR ANDRIKO.



PHEW! NOW IF I CAN SWIM TO SHORE WITHOUT BEING SEEN, THERE MIGHT STILL BE TIME.

BUT THAT NIGHT AS BANOFF APPROACHES THE RADIO CABIN HE FINDS IT GUARDED...

WHAT DO YOU WANT UP HERE, ANDRIKO? I HAVE ORDERS TO KEEP EVERYONE AWAY FROM THE RADIO ROOM!

ACH! YOU FRIGHTENED ME! I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK PETER IF HE WANTED SOME COFFEE. WHAT'S GOING ON, ANYWAY?



DESPERATE, THE FATE OF NEW YORK IN HIS HANDS, BANOFF IS UNABLE TO ACT AS THE DEATH LADEN SHIP ANCHORS IN THE NARROWS...

ALL RIGHT, SHE'S WORKING NOW. SWING THE HOOK OVER.



AS THE CABLE AND HOOK SWEEP THE DECK BANOFF DELIBERATELY STEPS IN ITS PATH...



BACK ON THE FREIGHTER...

I DON'T LIKE IT! HE MAY BE DEAD AND THEN AGAIN HE MAY NOT. WE'LL USE THE EMERGENCY PLAN!

I AGREE. WITH THE BOXES UNDER THE WATER AND THE DUPLICATES IN PLACE, WE'LL BE SAFE.



SEE THAT THEY ARE PUT OVER IMMEDIATELY. UNDER THAT BUDY OUT THERE WOULD BE A GOOD SPOT. MAKE SURE THAT THE NORFOLK PAPERS ARE BURNED AND THE NEW ONES IN ORDER.

MEANWHILE, IN THE N.Y. OFFICES OF THE F.B.I. . .

I'VE ALREADY DONE SO. AS SOON AS THE BOXES ARE REPLACED WE'LL BE READY FOR ANYONE!

THEY COVERED THEMSELVES FROM EVERY ANGLE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM NOW!

WE'VE NOTIFYED THE HARBOR POLICE AND ALERTED EVERY PORT CITY TO SEARCH ALL SHIPS! YOU'D BETTER GET SOME REST. THAT WAS A ROUGH SWIM.

I FEEL FINE. I WOULDN'T

MISS BEING IN ON THE KILL FOR ANYTHING!

YOU CAN COME, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY ON THE DOCK. DON'T WANT THEM TO RECOGNIZE YOU.



SOME TIME LATER HARBOR POLICE AND F.B.I. AGENTS SWARM ABOARD THE FREIGHTER...

THIS SHIP IS IMPOUNDED. WE ARE SEARCHING HER FOR CONTRABAND.

CONTRABAND! MY DEAR SIR, WE ARE JUST AN ORDINARY FREIGHTER. YOU ARE MISTAKEN, BUT AS YOU WISH. THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN.



I ASSURE YOU. YOU WILL FIND NOTHING. WE DO NOT DEAL IN SMUGGLING.

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN... MAKE IT THOROUGH, BOYS.



THE SEARCHING PARTY DISCOVERS THE DUPLICATE LEAD-COVERED BOXES...

CHIEF! QUICK! I THINK WE'VE FOUND IT!

WAIT! DON'T TOUCH THAT!

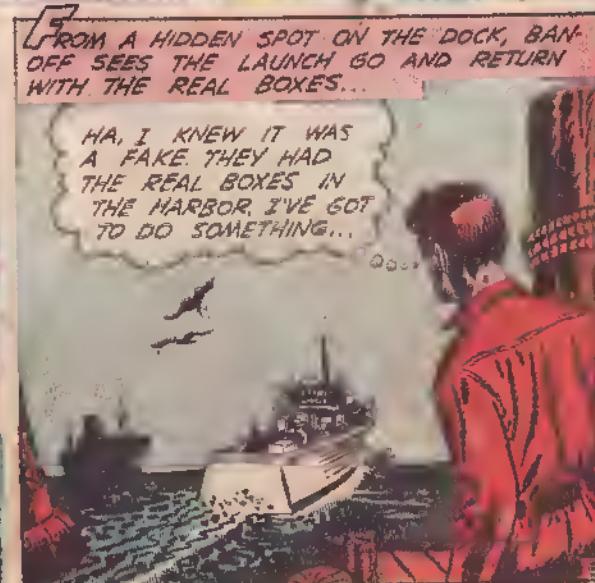
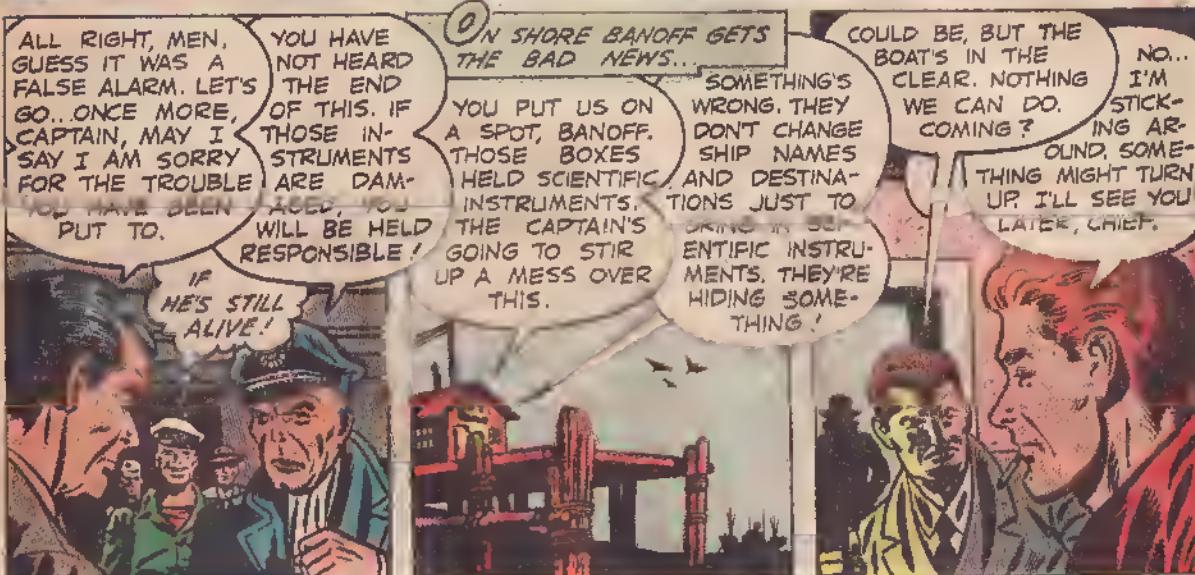
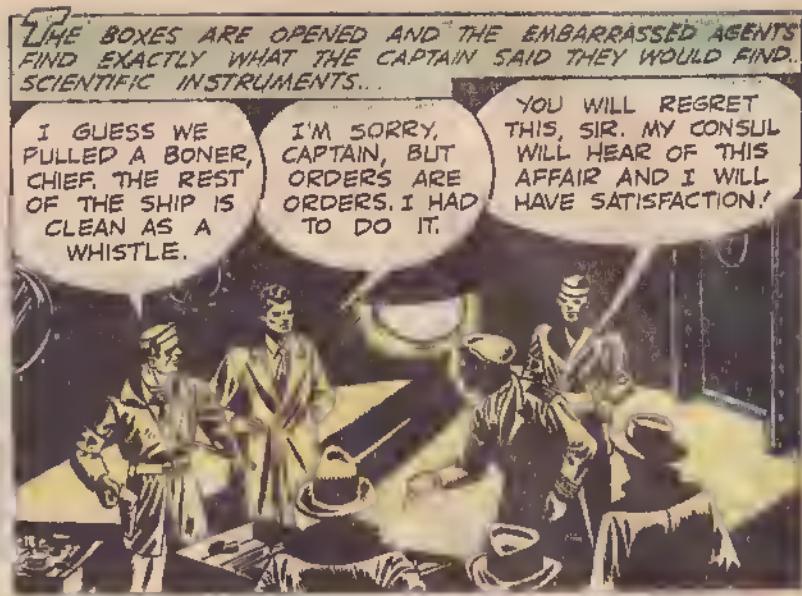
STEP ASIDE, CAPTAIN, WE'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT'S IN THOSE!



PLEASE! PLEASE! GENTLEMEN, NO! THESE BOXES CONTAIN VERY DELICATE SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS THAT WILL BE RUINED BY THE SLIGHTEST CONTACT WITH RADIO-ACTIVITY. I BEG YOU NOT TO OPEN THEM!

I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT... MOVE HIM OUT OF THERE, BOYS.





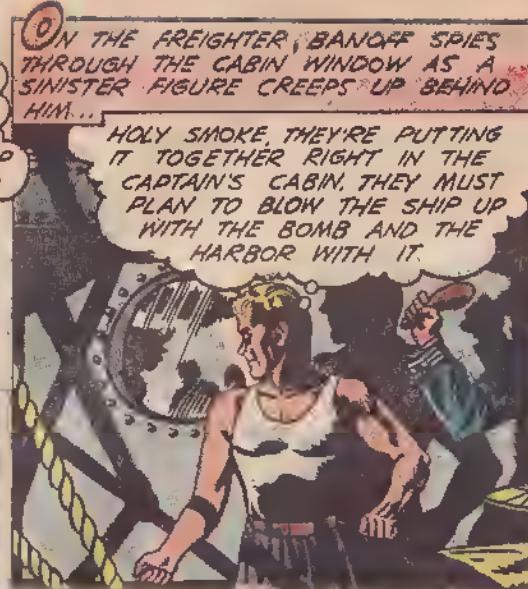
SECONDS LATER...

I MUST FIND OUT WHAT THEY PLAN TO DO. PERHAPS THEY WANT TO SHIP THE BOMB INLAND OR PLANT IT IN THE CITY.

ON THE FREIGHTER, BANOFF SPIES THROUGH THE CABIN WINDOW AS A SINISTER FIGURE CREEPS UP BEHIND HIM...

HOLY SMOKE, THEY'RE PUTTING IT TOGETHER RIGHT IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. THEY MUST PLAN TO BLOW THE SHIP UP WITH THE BOMB AND THE HARBOR WITH IT.

I WONDER IF THERE IS STILL TIME TO GET THE F.B.I. UNHH!! A SPY! THE CAPTAIN WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW ABOUT YOU... YII! IT'S BANOFF!



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS BANOFF FINDS HIMSELF INSIDE THE CABIN WITNESSING AN AMAZING SCENE...

SO, BANOFF, YOU ARE THE ONE WHO GAVE AWAY OUR SECRET. PRETTY CLEVER, BUT UNFORTUNATELY NOT CLEVER ENOUGH. OOG!

STAND UP WHEN I TALK TO YOU!

OH, MY HEAD... MUST STOP HIM... FLARE GUNS!... IF I COULD HIT THE TRIGGER MECHANISM...



WELL, TRAITOROUS SNAKE, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF? SPEAK UP!... AYYEE!

STOP!!

THIS, CAPTAIN, THAT WHILE I'M ALIVE, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH YOUR HORRIBLE SCHEME!

SHOOT HIM!



STOP HIM! STOP HIM! IF THAT HITS THE BOMB...

ALL RIGHT, BANOFF, YOU'VE HAD YOUR FLING!

DO NOT FEAR, CAPTAIN, THE BOMB CAN ONLY BE SET OFF BY THE TRIGGER MECH- ANISM!

UNHH!



WAIT... DON'T SHOOT! DO YOU WANT THE SHIP SWARMING WITH POLICE! THE BOMB WILL ERAD- ICATE HIM MORE COM- PLETELY, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO MAKE ANOTHER TRIGGER?

NOT OVER THIRTY MINUTES, CAP- TAIN. IT IS NO GREAT LOSS, JUST A SHORT DELAY.



GOOD. WE MUST REACH THE BOAT THAT IS GOING TO PICK US UP BEFORE MORNING OR THEY WILL LEAVE. THEY'RE AT THE OTHER END OF STATEN ISLAND... NOW TIE HIM UP AND GAG HIM. I WANT NO SLIP-UPS THIS TIME.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEE TO THAT!

BOUND AND HELPLESS BANOFF WATCHES IN HORROR AS THE TRIGGER IS REBUILT...

I'M A BUNGLING FOOL... THAT BOMB WILL KILL THOUSANDS, WRECK THE CITY. IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING...

AS THE MINUTES TICK BY AND THE JOB NEARS COMPLETION BANOFF SINKS INTO A MORASS OF DISPAIR... THEN SUDDENLY AT THE DOOR AND Portholes...

THE CHIEF AND HIS MEN! THANK GOD...

ALL RIGHT, RAISE THEM, AND HIGH! DETACH THAT TRIGGER QUICK AND ONE OF YOU RELEASE BANOFF!

NO! NO! IT CAN NOT BE!



IT IS HIS FAULT! I'LL KILL... AAGHH!

ANYONE ELSE WANT A SLUG? JUST START MOVING!

THANK GOD, YOU GOT HERE! I WAS SURE IT WAS ALL OVER. I THOUGHT THOSE RATS HAD YOU BUFFALOED.

SORRY YOU HAD TO BE SCARED THAT WAY, BANOFF, BUT I WANTED TO GET THEM WITH THE GOODS. I WANTED THEM TO BRING OUT THE REAL STUFF!

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE AS LONG AS YOU GOT HERE.



TAKE EM AWAY, BOYS. WE'D BETTER NOT TOUCH THIS BABY TILL WE GET SOME ATOMIC EXPERTS HERE TO LOOK IT OVER. I'LL HAVE THE DOCK

BOILED OFF.

KNOW HOW LONG THEY CAME TO SUDDEN DEATH!



IF THAT THING HAD GONE OFF THE DAMAGE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ESTIMATED. THE PUBLIC MUST NEVER

KNOW HOW LONG THEY CAME TO SUDDEN DEATH!

SOME WEEKS LATER IN WASHINGTON...

ANDRIKO BANOFF, WE PRESENT YOU WITH THIS MEDAL AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM FROM A GRATEFUL COUNTRY. YOUR DEED WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!



THANK YOU, SIR!

THIS ENDED AN EVIL ATTEMPT THAT MIGHT HAVE WRECKED EVERY PORT IN THE U.S. IN THE SWIFT RAIDS THAT FOLLOWED TWELVE MORE BOMBS WERE UNCOVERED AND THE HORRIBLE THREAT OF ATOMIC DESTRUCTION WAS ENDED BY THE ALERTNESS AND RESOURCEFULNESS OF AGENT NK4, ANDRIKO BANOFF...



Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles
Atlas

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."

SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high. Given
to pupil making
greatest physical
improvement in
next 3 months.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs.
and 4 1/4 inches on
my chest, 3 inches
on my arms. I am
now very constitu-
pated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs.
and increased my
chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference!
I have put 3 1/2
inches on my chest
(normal) and 2 1/2
inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs.
When I started

"you course I
weighed only 141.
Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are
wonderful. The first
week my arm increased
one inch, my chest two
inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me
from a weakling
to a real man.
My chest has gone
up 6 inches. I am
a solid mass of
muscle."

—J. W., Montana

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "bare-chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even

"standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

the next morning
energetic
of yours and
make it
hum like
a high-
powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny cheater weakling I was at 17

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 132-C

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of
body I want:

(Check as many as you like)

- More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- Broader Chest and Shoulders
- More Powerful Arms and Legs
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- More Powerful Leg Muscles
- Better Sleep, More Energy

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

FREE

SEND NOW for my famous book—"Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3 1/2 MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, printed from cover to cover with vital photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 132-C, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Charles Atlas—The Man Who Gave the World a New Idea in Health and Fitness—Has Traveled the World, Spoken Before Millions, Trained with Olympic Athletes, Worked with Presidents and Admirals, and is Known as the "Man Who Can't Be Beaten." He Has Trained the World's Greatest Athletes and Celebrities.

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1000 LIVE BABY TURTLES GIVEN AWAY

WITH THIS OFFER

Here's one of the most exciting toys you've ever owned. Just think — a baby turtle all your own. What's more, a real growing garden to keep him in, a garden you plant and grow all by yourself. You can teach him to recognize you when you feed him. Watch him swim — see how he pulls his head and feet into his shell when he's frightened. You can have turtle races — you can make a little house for him to live in — and all the time you can watch how the lovely, soft grass grows — see and smell the beautiful flowers. You'll amaze your friends with how much you know about animals and plants.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL LOVES THESE CLEAN LITTLE PETS. DELIVERED HEALTHY AND SAFE IN A SPECIAL MOSS-PROTECTED PACKAGE.

**MAGIC
ROCK GARDEN**
Grows Real Grass
& Flowers in 4 Days

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\$1.69

HERE'S OUR OFFER

You pay only \$1.69 for the rock garden and turtle . . . AND you must be 100% delighted or money back. Only 3 orders to a customer with this special offer. Hurry! Coupon!

10 DAY TRIAL FREE!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. AT-221
35 Wilbur ST., Lynbrook, N.Y.

Rush my Rock Garden and live baby turtle at once. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the garden for prompt refund of the full purchase price, and I may keep the turtle ABSOLUTELY FREE. Price is \$1.69

Enclosed find \$_____ in full payment
 Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman, plus C.O.D. fee on delivery.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FEATURES

Everything You Need

You get all these items you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds, Magic soil, lovely flower seeds, colorful attractive camomile, bright-colored metal butterfly, American flag, Tassel that opens and closes, Simulated floral food. Many other exciting features.

Magic Seeds in Magic Soil

A real growing Rock Garden — about 100 square inches of sweet grass and bright lovely flowers — for you to care for. When the flowers grow you can pluck a bouquet for your mother or friends. When the grass grows too high you will have to cut and trim it. And all the time you will have a beautiful garden you can be

proud of and show off to your friends. You'll learn many useful things, too — it will even help you understand many things they teach at school.

